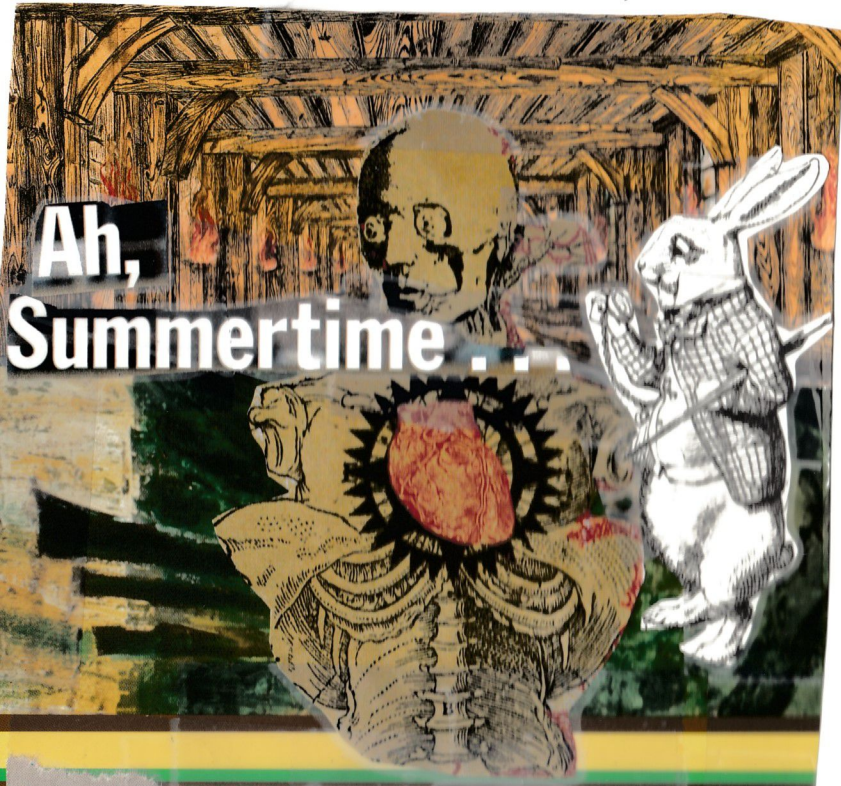




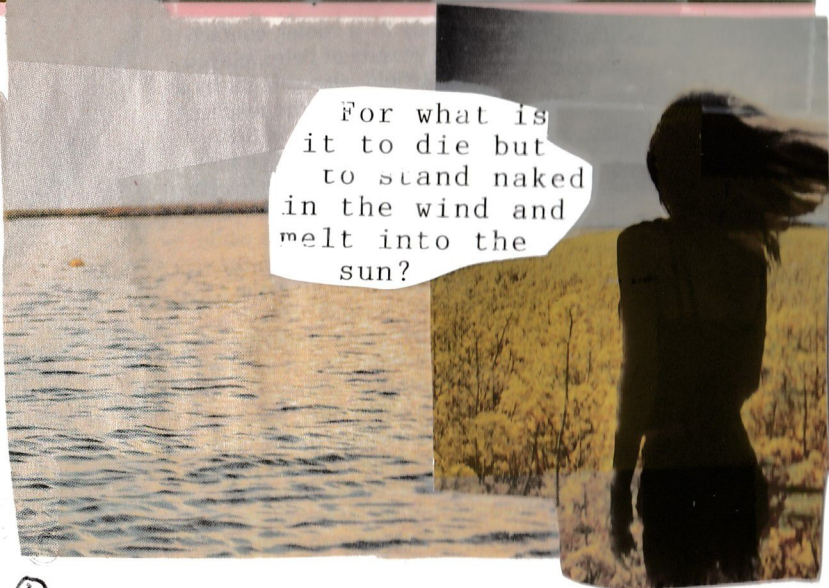
SUMMER 2012

new
hearts
new
BONES

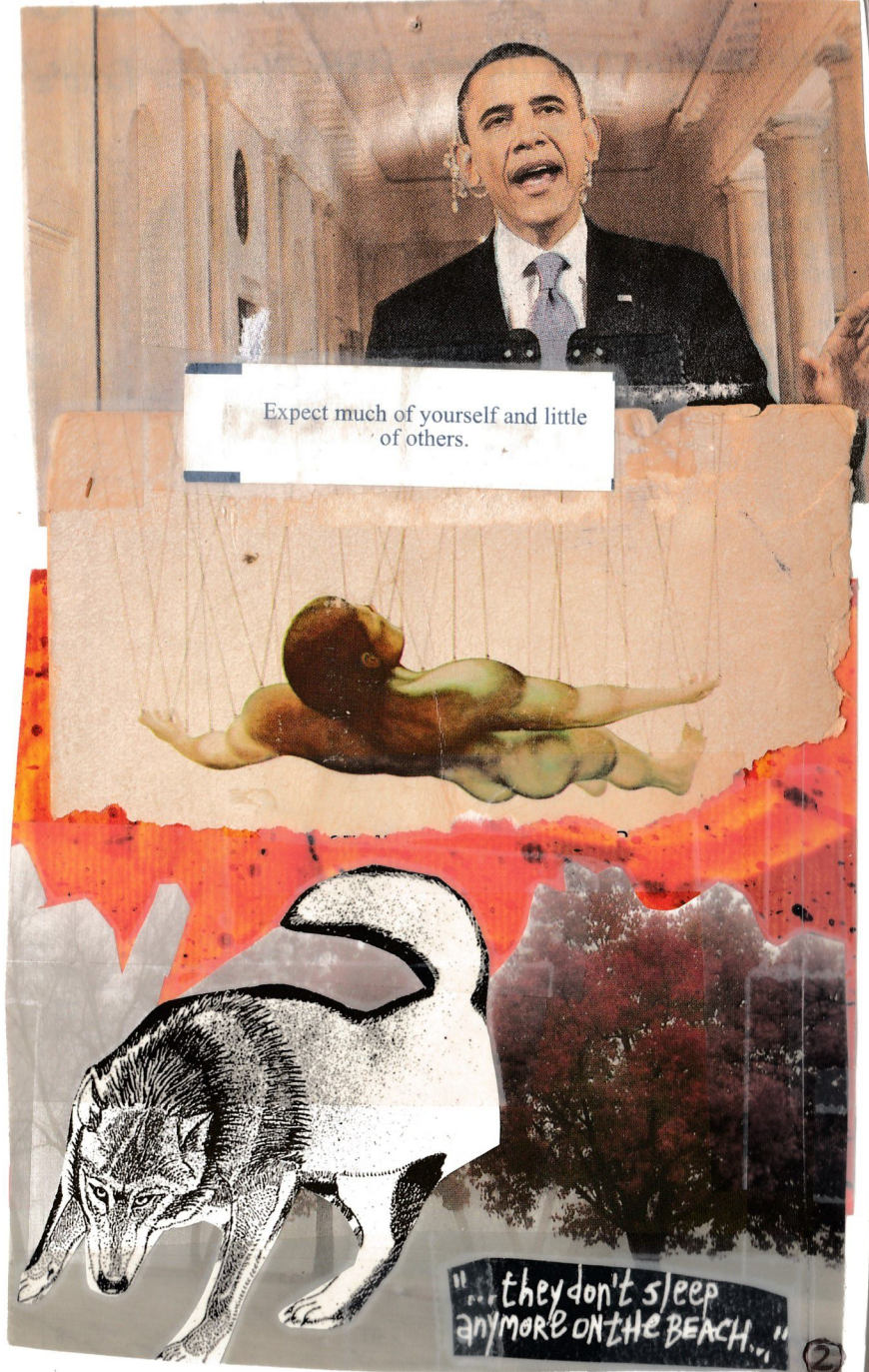
Ah,
Summertime...



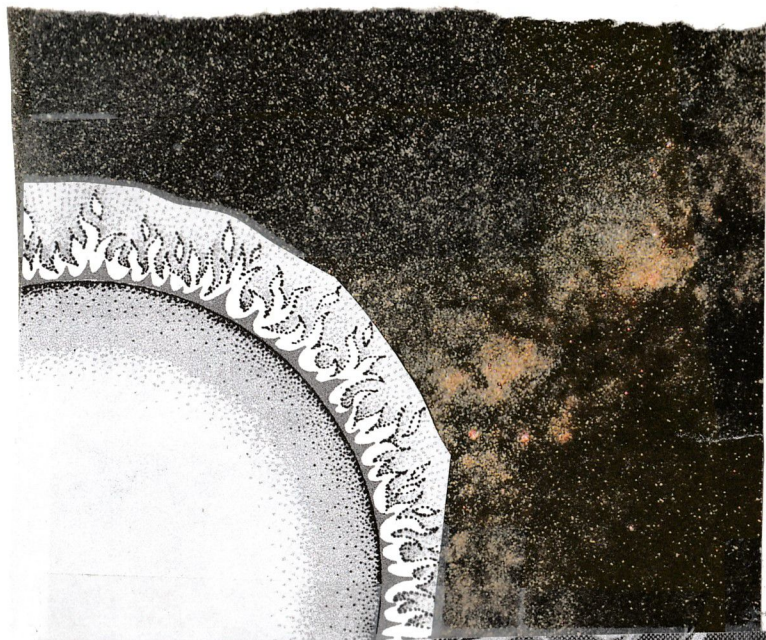
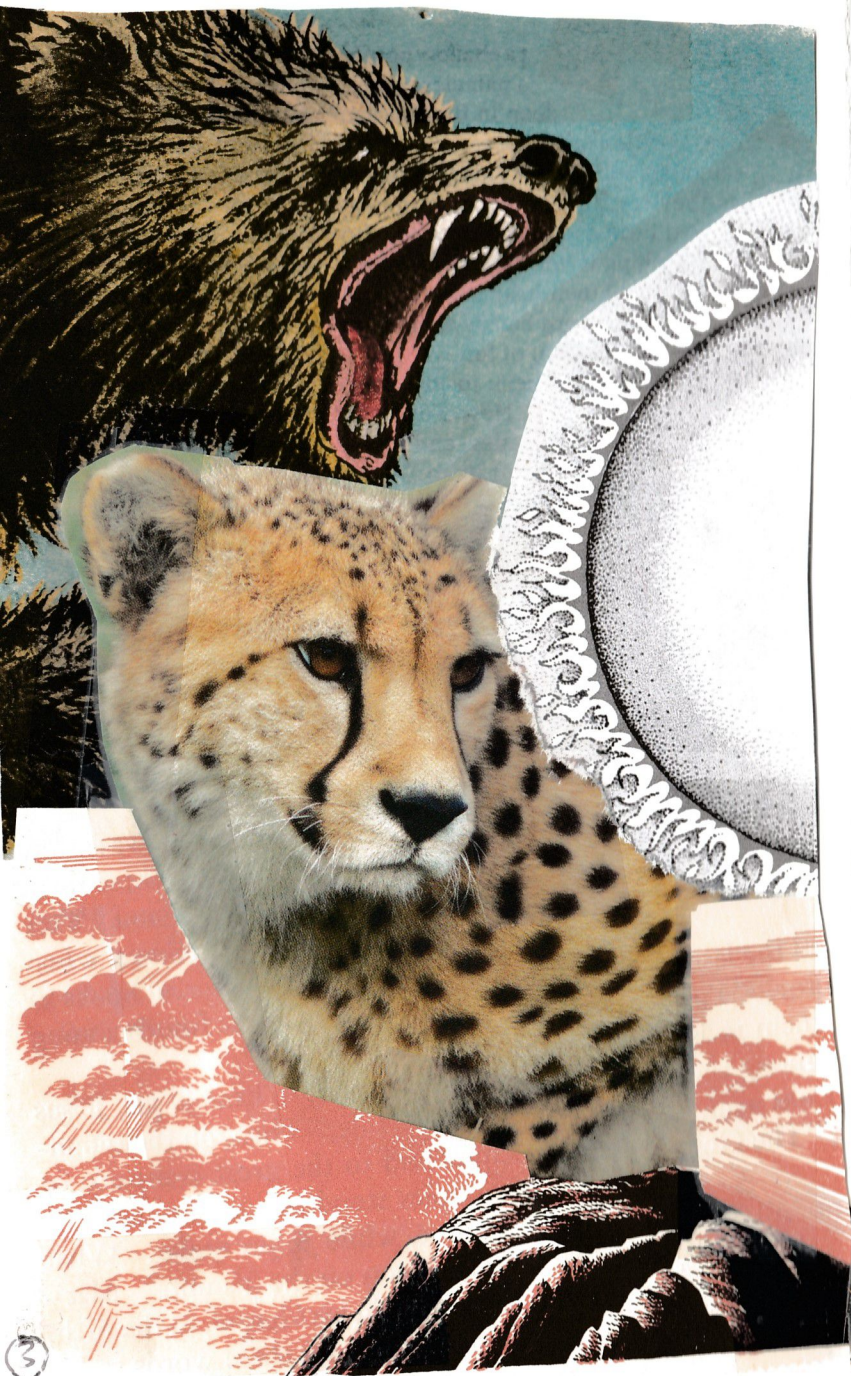
For what is
it to die but
to stand naked
in the wind and
melt into the
sun?



Expect much of yourself and little
of others.

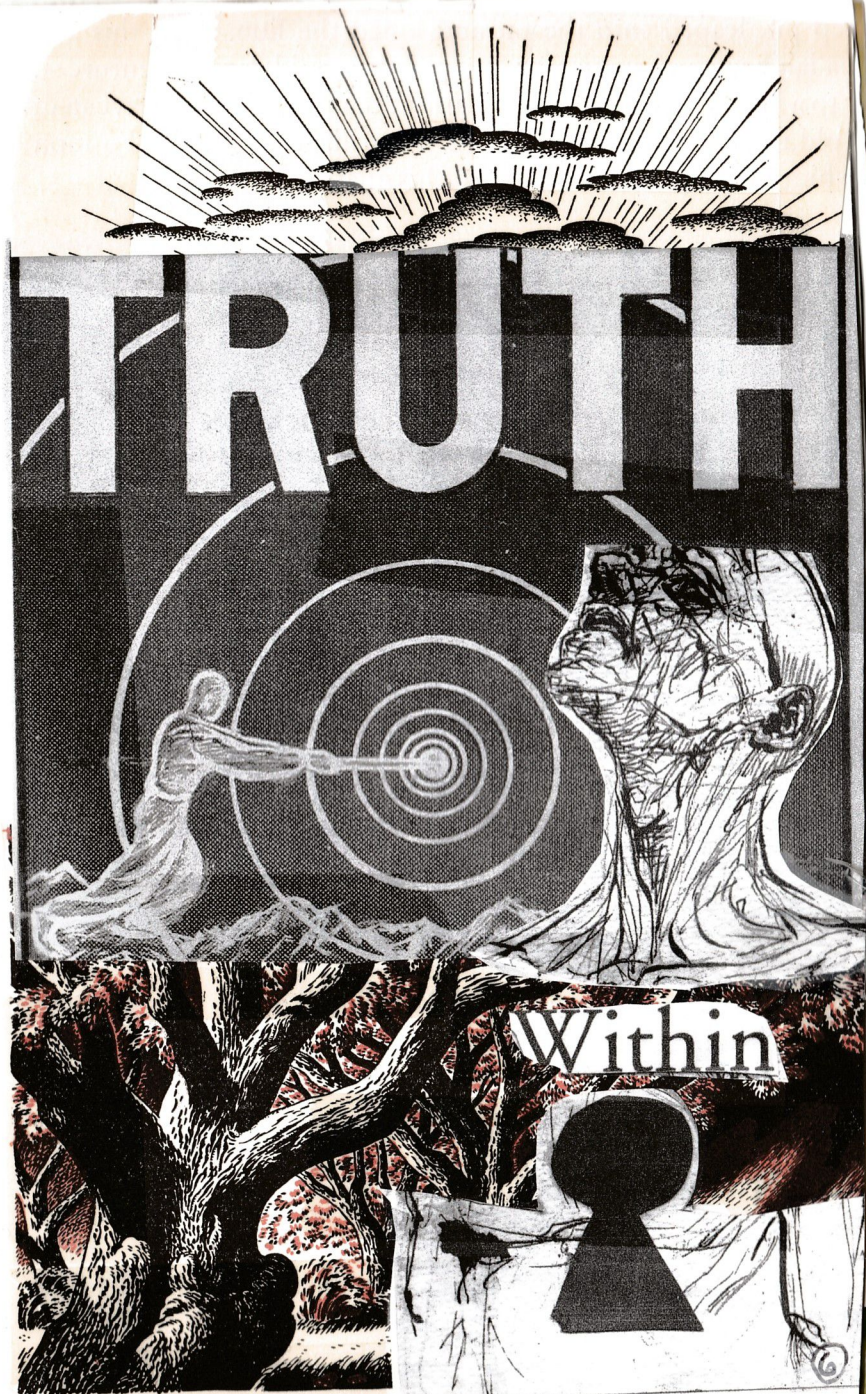
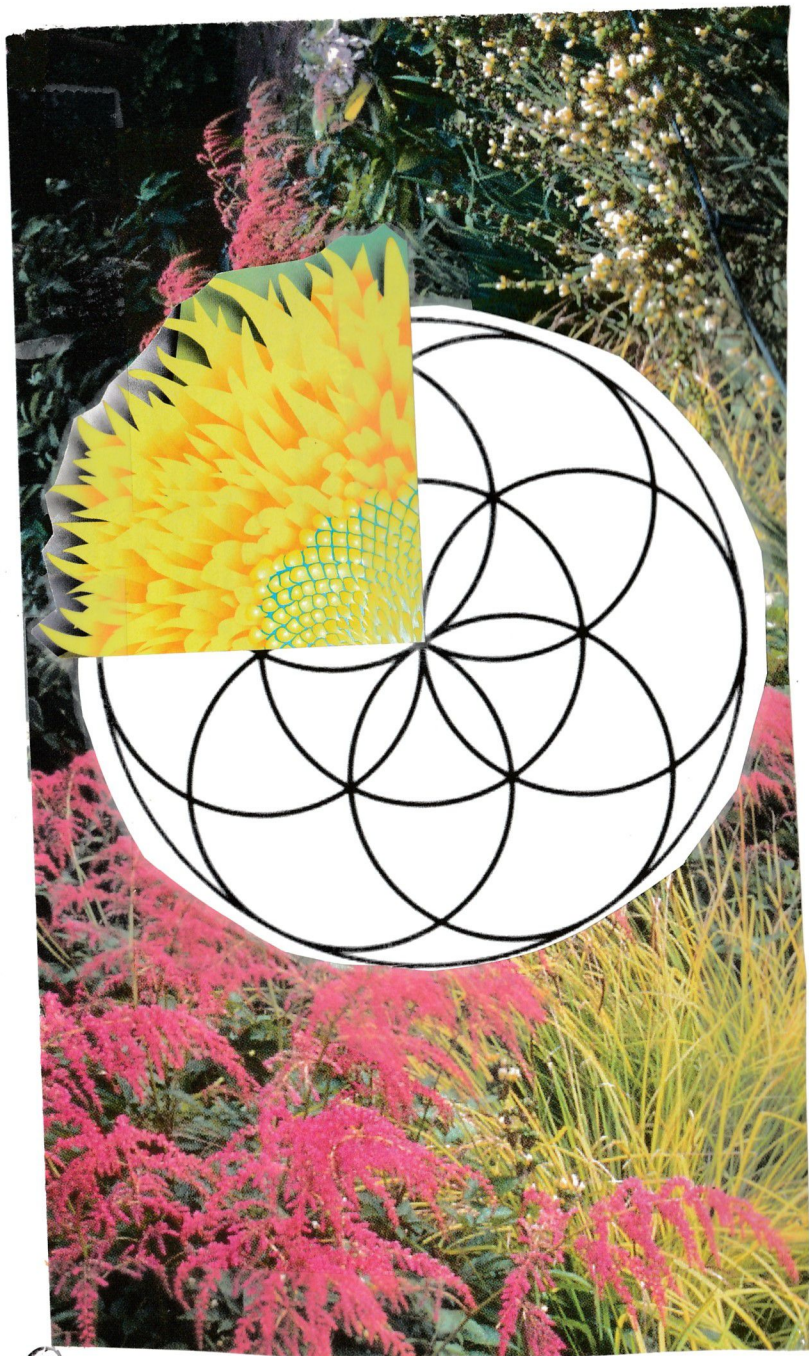


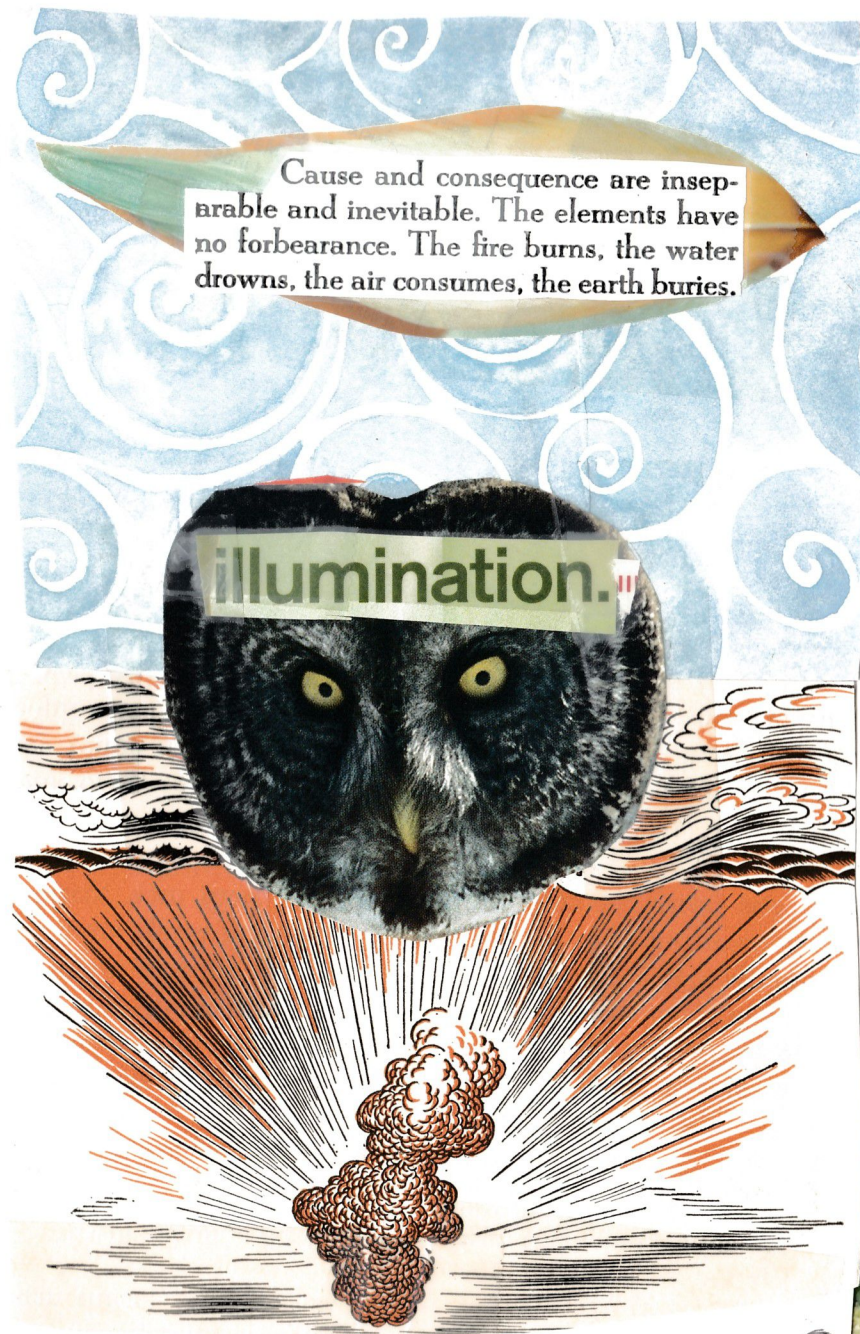
"...they don't sleep
anymore ON THE BEACH..."



FROM AFAR — YET SO NEAR TO YOUR
HEART, INSTANTLY YOU KNOW THIS IS
WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN SEARCHING FOR!

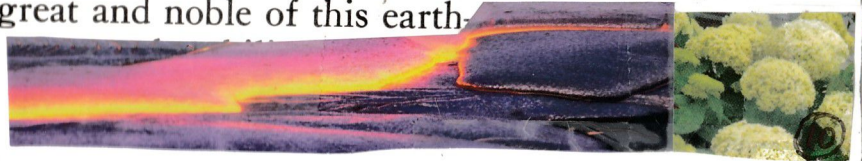








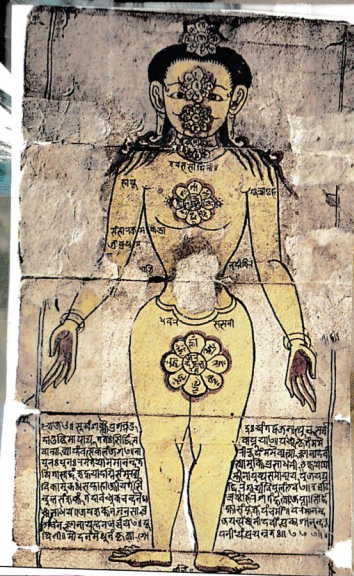
POOOR indeed is the man whose mind is not enriched by some phrase of lasting truth and beauty which serves to restore his soul in the exigencies of life. Each of us needs in his heart's treasury the memory of a lovely line to renew fellowship with the great and noble of this earth.





Nature is man's teacher. She unfolds her treasures to his search, unseals his eye, illumines his mind, and purifies his heart; an influence breathes from all the sights and sounds of her existence.

TACKLE ROOT CAUSES OF YOUR CONCERNS



Calm yourself



In the people that cut us down, we'll build new mountains higher.

Cheering and Waving Press
New Hearts New Bones
Summer 2012 Issue #7

